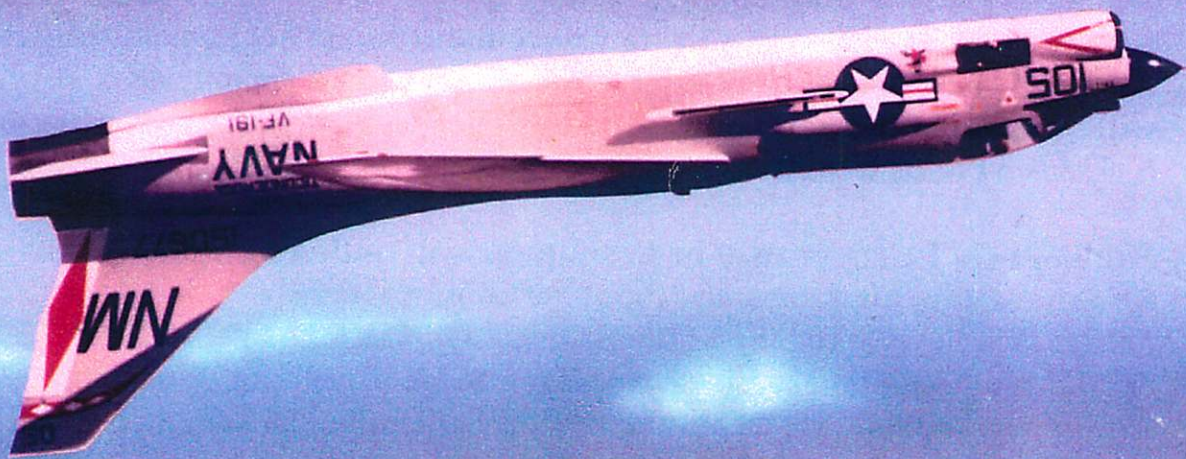




GOLDEN CONTRAILS

... and oft' the setting sun is pleased to trim the clouds with molten sails,
and lace the way of passing jets with golden condensation trails.

April 2004



CAPTAIN'S CORNER

NEWS-NEWS-NEWS-NEWS

Continental Airlines has made great progress under the direction of Gordon Bethune. He has announced his retirement at the end of this year and we would like to thank him for all that he has done for Continental and the entire industry and wish him a long, healthy and fun retirement.

Larry Kellner will replace Gordon Bethune and we are looking forward to working with him and wish him well in the years ahead.

We have made a hotel change in Las Vegas to the newly remodeled Sahara Hotel. The Golden Eagle Convention will be held on September 22nd & 23rd, 2004. All of the guest rooms have been remodeled and we will have use of the Penthouse Suite for our hospitality room, which also includes an outside patio.

Paul and Gail Grover will be hosting the golf outing at the Silverstone Country Club, that located about 30 minutes from the hotel so the golfers will be able to stay at the Sahara. Golf dates are September 21st & 22nd and remember you do not have to be a real golfer to sign up. Additional rooms have been blocked on September 20th for the golfers early arrival.

Thanks to Birdie Bertrand the Golden Eagles Web site provides a wealth of information and updates, so be sure to log on and see what is ahead. www.thegoldeneagles.org.

Remember to make your hotel reservations early for the convention and be sure to tell them you are part of the Golden Eagles to get the \$49.95 rate. Our block of rooms will start decreasing 90 days prior to the convention. **MAKE YOUR RESERVATION EARLY.**


BEN MCKENZIE



GOLDEN EAGLES LADIES AUXILIARY

Greetings Ladies,

Convention plans have been finalized for September 22nd & 23rd at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas, NV. This is a new location and new date for our convention. The hotel has been undergoing a total renovation and really looks nice. The penthouse (hospitality room) is quite large and will host the ladies meeting and luncheon. It will serve us well for our convention.

Also, there is a new monorail from the Sahara Hotel all the way to the MGM Grand and back with many stops in between, so transportation to the different hotels will be quite convenient. The Sahara has numerous restaurants and shops.

The deadline for room reservations with the Sahara Hotel is August 27th, 2004. The deadline for banquet and luncheon reservations with Charlie Starr is September 8th, 2004. Information about making hotel reservations and ordering meals will be in the April issue of the Golden Contrails, along with meal order form.

Please make your reservations early and identify yourself as a Golden Eagle to get our group rate. As in the past years, rates for our rooms, hospitality suite, banquet room and meeting rooms are based on a minimum number of Golden Eagles reservations on September 22nd & 23rd, 2004. Please plan to stay at the Sahara Hotel.

Our convention will require many volunteers for decorating for the banquet, helping with registration, serving as a hostess in our hospitality room and selling raffle tickets. This is a great way to meet the other wives and enjoy the fellowship.

This an election year for the Golden Eagles Ladies Auxiliary, so please contact me with you have nominations.

Sincerely,

Chris McKenzie

**Chris McKenzie
936-582-2325
cmcke45385@aol.com**

THE GOLF NEWS

Because of Sept. re-seeding programs at many courses, the 2004 Golden Eagles Golf Tournament will be held at the Silverstone Golf Club, located 19 miles North West of the Sahara Hotel, the new site of this years convention. Rooms have been blocked for golfers at the Sahara Hotel @ \$49.00 per night, and those interested will need to book their own reservations.

The format will be scramble and remember...we love having the ladies join us for play.

DATES: SEPT. 21st Tee time 11AM
(cocktail party at the Grover's following end of day one. Maps will be provided.
SEPT. 22nd Shot gun start @ 8AM

LOCATION: SILVERSTONE GOLF CLUB
8600 Cupp Dr. Las Vegas, Nv. 89131
Maps will be available at check-in at The Sahara Hotel

COST: \$125.00 for both days of golf

RSVP DEADLINE: SEPT. 7th

Make checks payable to: Paul F. Grover
Mail to: Paul F. Grover
2585 Grassy Spring Pl.
Las Vegas, Nevada 89135
(702) 253-5236

_____ single golfer \$125.00 **REMEMBER...SOFT SPIKES!!**

_____ handicap (if known)

_____ Name

EDITOR'S CORNER



FRONT COVER... Mike Hanzel writes, "This picture was taken sometime in 1965 over Mt. Fuji, Japan. The aircraft is an F-8 Crusader then built by Chance Vought which became Ling Temco Vought. The pilot is Dave Hicks, who went to work for Continental in, I think, 1968, was based in Denver and died of cancer sometime in the 90s. As I recall, he picked the aircraft up from O@R in Japan and was returning to the Tico."

ALPA... This is the follow up by Roland Brown to our request for clarification of retiree benefits for those Golden Eagle members who are qualified and wish to take advantage of ALPA retiree status.

MIDWAY EXPRESS... Reading this account by Captain "Hap" Wilson makes us proud to be on the same team as the crew of Flight #6. Thank you, Captain Wilson, for taking time to write this exclusive on the Midway diversion!

VIAJE del ALMA... Pat Johnson sails right through the centerfold with his account of motor-sailing with "Barnacle." Reactions to Pat's saga have been mixed... all the way from "Why are you showing us this?"... to... "How do I sign on for the next trip!" Anyhow, thanks, Pat. You put a world of thought and trouble into this tale! Note: There is a page missing right after the centerfold. If found in time we will include it in the insert. Otherwise, we can tell you that it doesn't digress appreciably from the continuing account of Barnacle's trials and tribulations!

TRAVELS WITH HST... This story by Bob Hiemstra properly belongs in Gene Newman's column, but without a tedious explanation of the magazine's requirement for multiples of 4 pages, please believe that it was chosen at the last moment to fit here.

BACK COVER... One of Captain Wilson's passengers, Mr. Yoshimi Umekawa, was kind enough to transmit some pictures via e-mail of the situation at Midway Atoll, January 6, 2004. The reproductions could be better, but they do convey the feeling of isolation. How about waiting until night to take off because of the birds?

THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUPPORT

Dick and Gene

To: Golden Eagles Who Wish to Be Recognized as Retired ALPA Members.

From: Roland Brown, Past President



Subject: What's In It For Me?

Date: March 31, 2004

For those of you who retired from CAL during the time that ALPA was not the recognized representative for Continental pilots, please be aware that you may request recognition as a Retired ALPA Pilot. You may receive this ALPA recognition if you were formerly a member and had no outstanding financial obligations to the Association. To make that request, you may e-mail Mr. Richard Bowers, the ALPA CAL Analyst, at BowersR@ALPA.org, or write to:

Air Line Pilots Association, International
Attn: Membership Department - CAL
535 Herndon Parkway
P. O. Box 1169
Herndon, VA 20172

It would be helpful if you could provide your ALPA membership number. If that is not available, please provide your full name, birth date and SSN to ensure that your membership account can be located in the ALPA database.

You may ask, "What's in it for me?" Basically just about everything that's available to any other retired ALPA pilot. The most visible things are the gold colored, engraved metal ID card identifying you as a retired member of the Air Line Pilots Association, along with a "Retired ALPA" lapel pin.

As an ALPA retiree, if you request it, you will receive the Air Line Pilot magazine at no cost. This may change in the future, but for now, it will be free. You are welcome to express your views through Letters to the Editor, to be published in the "Mailbag" section of the magazine. We have also been invited to submit notices of our members who have "Flown West," so that they may be listed "In Memoriam."

At present, none of the ALPA sponsored insurance programs are available to retirees unless you were enrolled in the program before you retired. Basically, the group rates for those plans were negotiated based on, and for the benefit of, the active pilot members of ALPA.

This information is based on both written and telephone contacts with Captain Paul Rice, ALPA's Vice President of Administration/Secretary. Captain Rice welcomes your request if you would like to "renew" your relationship with the Air Line Pilots Association.

Interesting Memories from the "Big Bird" - - Roland Brown

When Continental first started flying the Boeing 747, it was a whole new experience. Continental bought four 747's in anticipation of the Pacific route award which would have allowed us to fly to just about all the exciting tourist places in the Pacific.

By the time the politicians finished, we could only fly our 747's from Los Angeles to Denver, Chicago, and Honolulu - what a consolation prize! I thought a tour as a flight engineer on the 747 would be an interesting new experience, and it was! Besides that, it paid more than First Officer did on any other plane at the time.

Following are some of my memorable experiences from those days around 1970.

1. **Watch the "newest kid on the block!"** My very first revenue flight after my Second Officer check out involved deadheading from LA to Chicago to replace the SO on the trip. I arrived in Chicago and met the crew. They all welcomed me to my first trip on the magnificent Boeing 747.

The passengers were all on board. I had carefully loaded the INS computers and done all my other SO stuff in preparation for "show time." After reading the "Before Start" check list, I watched the first engine during start. I called out "Rotation," the proper N-1 rotation numbers, and was waiting to call out "Oil Pressure" - but it never came!

What a feeling! Was I sure of what I was seeing? This was the airplane, not the simulator, right? But I was sure, and so my very first official 747 crew member duty was to cause the abort of the engine start and wait for new oil pressure parts to be flown from LA and installed on the engine! After that chore was taken care of, the remainder of my first flight went without a hitch. So much for my Baptism!

2. **I sure hope this thing has good brakes!** It was time for landing back at LA after an airplane training flight at Palmdale for a new captain, and I was on the SO panel. Due to a tendency of the engines to dangerously overheat (very fast!) if held in reverse thrust too long, the Second Officer closely monitored the engine temps during landing.

If necessary, the SO was to shut down the offending engine to prevent damage. At that time, new 747 engines cost about \$1,000,000 each and overhauls cost about \$250,000!

Since the overtemp could happen so fast, the SO was authorized to shut it down without asking permission!

This particular airplane had both outboard reverse levers wired closed, leaving only the inboards available. Well, you guessed it! During reverse, the two inboard engine temps headed for the moon! I reached up and closed both inboard start levers, while telling the guys up front what was happening. Fortunately, it all worked out well, and I probably paid my salary for many years to come!

Richard Grigsby

From: "Hap Wilson" <hap777@earthlink.net>
To: "Richard Grigsby" <rsgretco@worldnet.att.net>
Sent: Saturday, March 20, 2004 9:13 PM
Attach: header.htm
Subject: Midway Express by Hap Wilson

Midway Express

By Captain Hap Wilson

What started out as a routine flight changed my whole perception of the Pacific Basin and long haul flights over water.

It wasn't all that long ago that as a "rookie" flight engineer on the DC-10, my job was to flip switches for the Bob Wampler's and Don Straights of the old Continental Airlines. Back in those days our long haul routes over water were Los Angeles to Honolulu. Usually, we continued to the main island of Hawaii and picked up a cargo hold of papaya and with any luck we'd make it to the beach in Oahu for Happy Hour.. Of course I would attend just to spend quality time with the "old guys" who were lucky enough to fly the JUMBO three holer.

As time passed Continental spread it wings to Australia, New Zealand, and all sorts of Trans Atlantic destinations.

I never gave diverting much thought with three engines hanging out there, but new generation commercial jetliners fly with two. Although not that unusual for the corporate world, flying around on two engines over water was new for me. True, I've made many medical divers before, even off of the Atlantic tracks, but with modern technology mechanical divers are rare.

January 6th of this year would remind us *old bold pilots* why there are still people flying airplanes and not robots. Yes, things are different now. We have crew bunks, what a novel idea! Pilots rarely get tired. As a matter of fact, I usually stay up all night at home as a matter of course. I'm convinced this is why the airline hired me.

Flight 6 from Narita airport in Japan almost took a delay, as I was politely negotiating with the station manager to take one of our Continental Pilots home on our jumpseat. Apparently, the Transportation Security Administration (TSA) had just notified Guam management that in order to ride our jump seats they (TSA) required 24 hours notice for security and background checks. Didn't make any difference that we all knew our fellow pilot with ID and in uniform, but in any case they wouldn't let us take him.

As it turned out we blocked out slightly late even though we were ready to go on time, as a passenger was missing and we had to remove their luggage. The Japanese have a thing for being on time. I wonder what JAL's and Al Nippon Airlines on time performance is? The long usual taxi out to the runway, with not one empty seat, seemed to take forever this moonless night.

Actually, I had flown over to Japan so it was F/O Michele Dionne's leg home. Jeff Bailey was the IRO and we were anxious to get home. Michele elected to take the first crew break, so it was Jeff and I at the controls once we leveled off in cruise. It was about three hours into the flight, just

3/21/2004

after our crew meals, when I noticed during my normal leg time/distant checks the OIL QUANTITY had dropped from 22 quarts to 9 since my last check forty some odd minutes prior.

At first, I thought it was an indication problem. By *looking away* from it several times, I was convinced it would change back to its original value. It wasn't to shortly there after it dropped to 8 quarts. Yikes! I instructed Jeff to wake up Michele in the bunk and to tell her we had a potential problem. Now we had 7 quarts and this trend was starting to look like my bank account.

All of us were very aware of our location and the thought of shutting down an engine in the middle of the Pacific Ocean in the middle of a moonless night was not real appealing to anyone. So far, the only good part of this trip was it was smooth and I'd just finished my crew meal and I was ready for my nap.

The fog in my brain vanished fairly quickly as Michele strapped herself in to her seat and we started discussing our options. My decision was to contact Dispatch and start a conference call with maintenance and our fleet manager for the B777, Captain Dave Lundy. Dave loves calls in the middle of the night. I'm sure that's why he dreamed of becoming the fleet manager. Actually Dave is one very special person and has the knowledge of 20 normal men when it comes to the Boeing 777. It was his calming voice that helped my blood pressure drop into the normal range.

Several options were discussed, but with the oil quantity now at ZERO, time was running out. Believe it or not, this whole time the oil *pressure* was steady and the engine *temperature* only increased a few degrees. Our major concern was that we did not want to seize the engine. At 10 PSI, it was decided to shut it down. It wasn't long with ZERO oil quantity (the engine hides 6 Quarts even when it indicates ZERO) for the oil pressure to start to fall.

It took forever to bring that START LEVER to cutoff, as my hand just didn't want to commit to shutting down a running motor. I can guarantee you, I looked at least three times to be sure, even after orally stating, "verify left engine", prior to pulling that lever. Didn't want to start o descend either. All I know is that we were surrounded by a whole bunch of ocean with land 500 miles plus away.

Flight 6 was now a single engine 7. The actual time of flying on one engine to touch down was about one hour and 15 minutes. I can never remember reading and reviewing so many checklists as we did that night.

Unknowingly (which I apologized for the next day) I took the controls, remember it was Michele's leg, and flew the divert to Midway Atoll (PMDY). Jeff Bailey, the IRO couldn't have done a better job. It was truly amazing how we sprung into action and made everything work. It was a true CRM video. I still think I owe Jeff 3 beers for all of the great points he brought up in a timely manner. One point of which was to start dumping, as we were about 100,000 pounds overweight for landing. Nothing like landing on a short runway with flaps twenty at max landing weight!

Everything accomplished, including briefing the flight attendants, we started our approach to Midway Island (actually there are 3). (See "midway-atoll.com" for current pictures.) We decided to use GPS Runway 24, but aborted the approach just prior to the final approach fix, due to unexpected quarterly tailwinds. We all decided landing the opposite direction was more appropriate considering the length of the runway (7900 ft) and our approach speed at flaps 20 at max gross landing weight 460,000 pounds.

One thing simulators can't simulate is the speed at which you are approaching a short runway at

night, flaps 20. Sure it's in the ballpark, but add some wind noise, no light and a pounding heart and it was a real rush! Thank god runway 6 had a VASL Max breaking touchdown close to the thousand foot mark and I managed to stop about 2/3 of the way down the runway. Whew.

LOOK AT ALL OF THESE BIRDS! There are 1.3 million to be exact and soon to be 1.7 million, its nesting season. At first I thought they were rocks, but in fact they were Gooney Birds almost shoulder-to-shoulder. They stayed off the runway and ramp areas, but barely.

Next issue was to turn around on the runway, as there were no taxiways. Where's the tug? Guess what? There's no tug either. Fortunately I managed to pull it off with a few feet to spare. Keep in mind that this was accomplished with one engine.

The B777 is an amazing airplane; it can turn 180 degrees in 156 feet. Even with 6 wheels on each side. Actually, the rear two wheels turn opposite of the nose wheel. The runway was 200 feet wide. It sounds fairly easy, but we don't practice this in the simulator or at least I couldn't remember doing this, especially with only one engine running.

Shortly there after we parked next to an old bullet riddled WWII bunker. It was still pitch black outside and all you could see and hear were those 1.3 million birds.....

I Left the APU running as there is no electric carts or start carts big enough for the triple 7 (now single 7). Decided to keep the folks on board, as it was too dark and really nowhere to go anyway. As dawn came, I decided to deplane all the passengers to a local abandoned movie theater.

Meanwhile, the troubleshooting began and a non-revving maintenance supervisor (management type) Joe Moses, volunteered to help and soon discovered the problem. A sight gauge on the starter motor had sheared off in flight and was dangling from the attached safety wire.

Unbelievably, there was a starter motor in Honolulu some 1100 nautical miles a way. Actually that was the good news, but because of the Gooney's there's no daytime flying allowed, so we had to wait for nightfall for the parts including 36 quarts of oil to arrive via chartered LearJet. As nightfall arrived so did the Lear, with two Continental mechanics 36 quarts of oil, and 300 box lunches!

It wasn't long before the starter was swapped out, oil added, and fueled. Fueling was a big issue, because it was a low pressure refueling that took all of 3 hours plus to add the required fuel for our trip non-stop back to Houston. Yes, I hold the honor of flying the first Continental flight from Midway (PMDY) nonstop to George Bush International Airport.

Yes, I was concerned about the length of the runway for an 8-hour plus trip back, but actually in the back of mind was the thought of taking a bird strike on takeoff!

The Gooney's are attracted to light, so we elected to takeoff with the taxi light only. And yes, Michelle was flying as I had previously appropriated her leg. She did a yeomen's job and our departure was uneventful. I did have to pull off another 180 degree turn on the runway however. It's much easier with two engines.

Amazingly, Continental didn't receive one complaint to date!

It was a huge team effort and I was very lucky to have such a great crew that day. As for the Gooney's, I named them all and we have this email thing going.. Actually I had to stop, the spam was over whelming.

GOLDEN EAGLES TREASURERS REPORT —**11/07/03 – 3/11/04****FROM YOUR TREASURER – *Charlie Starr***

Balance from 11/06/03	\$ 10,287.16
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Income 11/07/03 – 03/11/04

Dues Received	\$ 11,845.00
Postage Fund Contributions	1,300.00
Golf Deposit Return	200.00
Misc. Convention Refunds	97.43
TOTAL INCOME THIS PERIOD	\$ 13,442.43

Disbursements 11/06/03 – 03/11/04

Misc. Convention Expenses	\$ 20.00
Office supplies	81.28
Contrails printing & mailing	4,200.00
2004 Convention Deposit	500.00
2004 Golf Deposit (to be returned)	500.00
TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS THIS PERIOD	\$ 5,301.28

BALANCE 03/11/04	\$ 18,428.31
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WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBERS

John Brier
Frank Burch
Steve Cady
Cliff Ernst
George Flavell
Max Jacoby
Mike Kennedy
Russell McKnire

Jim McMekin
Larry Mechem
Mark Meyer
Jerry Shafer
Frank Shumate
George Vierno
Fred Wilcoxson

Help Land a New Member

Each of you probably have at least one friend who should be an **EAGLES** member. Why not talk to this friend and urge them to join us. You'll be doing them and the Association a favor. An application blank is included in this mailing.

Let me begin this Treasurers Report by thanking each and every one of our members who have responded to the notices that your 2004 (and some prior years) dues were unpaid. I realize that as we grow "more senior", we sometimes let things slip by us - we call these "senior moments.. The response to the dues reminders that were sent to those in arrears was outstanding - with only a small percentage of our members still unpaid through this year, 2004. As stated in the by-laws, when a member is more than a year in arrears of their dues, their membership "can be" discontinued. Of course we never want to do this or to lose even one member. However, the ever increasing costs of printing and mailing our magazine, "*Golden Contrails*", along with the many other Association expenses makes it necessary that members be paid. It simply isn't fair to the other members not to require otherwise. We normally don't send individual renewal notices; annual dues of \$30 are due in January of each year, and a reminder notice is included in the winter edition of the Contrails magazine. So, if you are one of the very few who are not paid through the year 2004, why not take a moment to fill out the dues renewal form, and send your dues check? If there is an error in your accounting, please let me know so that I can correct it - I have senior moments, too.

Another short reminder. There still seems to be some confusion of how to tell if you are current in your dues - on the mailing label of the envelope containing this (and each edition) of the Contrails magazine there is a RED number (i.e. "2004"). This means that you are paid through Dec.31st of that year. If you see a number less than 2004, that means you are not current. Some people will see a RED "W", RED "AM" or a RED "CT", these mean that you are paying for the Contrails magazine only (\$15 per year), you are an associate member, or you are the widow of a deceased member (no dues needed).

One more timely reminder - if you move, change phone numbers or e-mail addresses, please send me a change notice. The post office will only forward mail for a short period of time, and e-mail is never forwarded. The costs of finding your new address and re-mailing is very expensive.

NEW MEMBERS NEEDED - NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

Did you know — though we get a number of new members each year, not nearly as many people who are eligible for membership are actually becoming GOLDEN EAGLES - and we seem to lose a few friends each year as well.

From the by-laws — Anyone who is retired from, and was on the pilot seniority list of Continental Airlines, any of its merger partners or predecessor airlines, or is an active Continental pilot, over the age of 50, is eligible for membership. Each of you knows someone who should be a member — why not contact these people and urge them to become a member. A separate application blank is included in this magazine. To aid in seeking more active pilots, we will be placing posters in each crew domicile advertising the benefits of being a Golden Eagle member. Remember, application blanks can also be downloaded on the Eagle's web-site

www.thegoldeneagles.org

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A BIG THANK YOU to all of these generous contributors who help offset our mailing costs

cut or  tear

Dues Renewal or Information Update Form

Dues were \$20 per year through Dec. 2002 and are \$30 per year beginning in Jan., 2003

Contrails magazine only - \$15.00 per year

PLEASE PRINT

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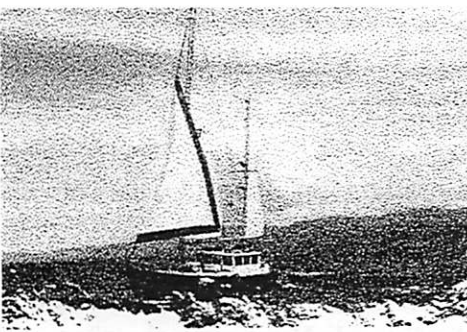
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If making a dues payment or postage fund donation, please make checks payable to **GOLDEN EAGLES**, mail form to:

**GOLDEN EAGLES
C/O CHARLIE STARR, TREASURER
4328 SUNSET BEACH CIRCLE
NICEVILLE, FL 32578-4820**

phone: 850 897-0898

E-mail cws1932@cox.net



BARNACLE... VIAJE DEL ALMA

Monday-November 17, 1997. Left Galveston for points south first destination being Isla Mujeres, Mexico. Bad weather and sickness met us at the breakwater as my crew became sick almost immediately. Should have turned back then and saved myself the trouble later. Crew for the ride was Frank Raney, Ken Phenix, and me. The weather stayed bad and then got worse with poor Ken sick the entire time. On top of that, the boat was not doing well because of the wrong head sail on the rod and too rough to change it. This and a fouled wheel and the sea too rough for me to dive and clean it created an untenable situation. Finally decided to return to land and chose Aransas Pass as it was the closest and easiest entry. Made port about midnight on the 19th and enjoyed the rest! Ken got off the boat on the 20th and after cleaning a very fouled wheel Frank and I went back to sea. The wheel was cleaned during haul-out in June but collected a great crop of oysters before sailing. Frank decided he'd had enough of Barnacle so back to Crystal Beach we go, arriving on the 22nd.

Saturday-November 22, 1997. Set out again with Jim Bouse as crew heading east in the ICW to Bayou Lafourche for some of the holiday season. Jim and I had a good trip down the "ditch" enjoying the crisp clear weather arriving without incident at Emery's house on the 26th, one day before Thanksgiving-good timing! The rest of the Bouse family came over for dinner and retrieved Jim. I hated to see him go as he is good help.

Sunday-December 7, 1997. Out into the GOM from Belle Pass alone for another try at a crossing. Sailed right into terrific line of thunderstorms and oil rigs so made a wise decision and returned to the Eymard dock. I finally did something right. On the 10th sailed again with a hired crew, Doug Perryman from Mobile. Weather looked and was forecast to be good but that changed as soon as we were 50 miles offshore. Seems a gale had formed soon as we left and was following the boat south. We ran before the storm with very little sail making very good time. Did the crossing in three and a half days! However, as we came into Isla Mujeres, the weather caught up to us and blew close to 50 Kts as we passed into the harbor. My friends in port were not surprised to see me out in the poor weather as that's when I usually sail. Good planning huh? After a few days staying in the marina, expensive but worth it, weather got better and Doug went home.

Monday-December 22, 1997. Moving south again with Sandee Graham as crew making a short overnight stop at Cozumel before sailing for Bahia de la Ascension where we did Christmas. The Mexican Marines choose Christmas Eve at 2100L for their boarding inspection, quite a surprise to say the least as we had been there for several days. Made several more nice stops enroute to Guatemala, probably the nicest being at New Haven Bight, Belize.

Wednesday-January 7, 1998. Weather cleared a bit and we left Belize and rolled on down toward Livingston town. Did another bar crossing(Third), this one at low tide. Only struck the bottom once and this very slightly. Clearing in was a snap and we spent the night at Cayous Grande, good anchorage. Tied the boat up on the 8th after learning of Suzanna's death the previous January first. Jerry still running the marina but does not have her gift for a commercial establishment.

Monday-March 30, 1998. Left the marina for Isla Mujeres with of Patrica Richards and Bruce(Bruno) Aarestad as crew. They will go as far as Isla before flying home to Canada and North Dakota. Did the clearance on the 31 and crossed the bar soon afterwards. Slight touch for my fourth crossing. Had one bad grounding, my fault, in Belize but no damage. With the usual day or so of bad

weather we made it into Isla on 4-6-98. Met Andrew off "Lady Slipper", a Landfall 39 like I once owned-seems only 46 were built, think mine was number 39.

Monday-April 20, 1998. Weather finally calmed down so Raymond Davey and I set sail for Key West which we made it into on the 22nd after the usual rough ride in the "Florida Washingmachine". Actually anchored just outside the harbor and headed toward Key Largo early the next morning. Raymond left the boat at Key Largo on the 24th and headed for work by air in Nevada. I crossed the reef into the Atlantic and headed north to West Palm arriving there early in the morning of the 25th. Later that day docked at Peggy's slip just about where I was five years earlier.

Wednesday-May 27, 1998. Moved the boat over to the brokers hoping to sell her before hurricane season gets here. Well that did not happen and the weather became too unstable to risk leaving the boat very long.

Wednesday-September 2, 1998. On the way back to Barnacle's Berth in Texas as the weather here remains unstable and numerous hurricanes seem to be following me along my route. The trip back to Texas was slow and not with a couple of mishaps. First I struck a bridge in Miami taking off my anchor light and wind instruments and then managed to run aground in Key Largo both my error. Expensive, but that's boating my friend. Pay now or later! Trip was long and troublesome due several hurricanes and tropical storms which occurred enroute. Did stop at Mobile and Bayou Lafourche enroute, enjoyed them both very much. In spite of good friends along the bayou, not a place to be trying to transit during a storm scare as they close the storm gates. Finally arrived BB on 9-28-98.

Used this time to clean and repair everything I've broken in the last few years before haul-out and a bottom job.

May 17, 1999. Haul-out day with all the work, scheduled and unscheduled. Worked on the grounding plate for the SSB radio and some thru-hull problems with the main engine. Replaced the valve and some hoses. Put on 5 gallons of blue anti-foul paint and paid \$1193 dollars for the privilege. This was the fourth time out of the water for me and "Barnacle".

Monday-November 29, 1999. Left the dock for fuel at Falcon Seafood. We took on 421 gallons @ .85 a gallon. On our way by 1045L, Joann, ill, came to wave us off and we motored down the ICW and Bolivar Roads. Crew for this cruise is Randy Bryant, Ray Trantham, and Pat. Passed the sea buoy by 1330L and moved out into the GOM. Pretty day with not much wind and we made good time until midnight and the wind came out of the east at 25 Kts with gusts to 45 Kts. Ride became very rough and was destined to remain that way for a long time. Both of my crew became sick with little of improvement for a few days. On 12-1-99 the day starts off wrong as we developed a leak in the center tank, dumped a 100 or so gallons in the bilge and then lost the engine due fuel starvation. We ran a garden hose out to the starboard tank filler neck and regained use of our engines. Having some sort of battery problems as they will not come up to charge. More on this later. Late in the day we altered course to Arrecife Alacran as the weather shows no signs of becoming better. On the 2nd we still have winds of 30-40 Kts and gusts to 50 right down the course line. Discovered the house batteries were very hot so disconnected the lot save one and soon had a normal charge rate established. The batteries were 5 years old and should have been replaced in port, just missed it. On the 3rd winds had increased to 55 Kts with seas of 12', not much hope for an immediate change. Finally at 1600L on the 4th we got into Alacran, missed the channel and found a big sandbar. Engine quit due fuel starvation so we sat on the bar

overnight. Not a lot of danger to boat or crew so we relaxed and had a beer or two. Best night's sleep I'd had in a week. Next afternoon a large Mexican fishing boat, "Pirata", put a line on us and pulled. Broke his line, but mine held and off we came. Paid the man \$300 and a case of beer-what a deal! Anchored and had a good rest and boat clean-up. Tuesday the 7th we got under way by 1100L and had a wonderful sail until dark and the winds died. Approaching Cabo Catoche on the 8th the winds increased to 20 Kts with rough seas. As we turned south the sea became very rough and confused. Very uncomfortable ride all night long and it was long. Went to the south end of Isla because of the weather and darkness and finally made port and anchorage by 0800L on the 9th. A long rough trip with a few things to repair.

Ray flew out to Houston on the 10th and Randy and I started putting the boat back in order. If the truth be known, neither me or the boat was ready for this trip. But here we are and there we are going to go. Took the ferry to Cancun searching for batteries and finally located three 8D's for about \$165 each. The first day we bought two and hauled them by taxi to the ferry and then off the ferry by bicycle-cart. Finally, we took them to the boat in the dink not knowing if the dink would hold up for the two 150 pound batteries. Then we had to muscle the brutes aboard and down into the battery compartment. It all got done and we took the six bad batteries to shore for salvage. Next day we went back and got the other battery, a lot easier with only one. Had to build a new battery box for the start battery, found the wood in Isla and got after it. In all, the whole job could have been a lot worse.

Next came the job of putting the fuel system back together on a permanent basis. This took two days of hard work and parts hunting but it got done. Turns out the fuel system could not be better using the two tank system. Felt good about the boat and started sewing a few things we have needed for some time, wind scoops, awnings, and the likes.

Christmas was coming and the weather kept coming also. So we just stayed and enjoyed the island and people determined to wait out the uncertain weather before sailing. Jim Vratiss went back to Texas for the holidays but we survived. Good advice anytime is to sail on the weather forecast rather than the calendar.

Monday-December 27, 1999. Anchor in the chocks by 0710L and south we did go under full sail and the engine. Made good time even against the current with us laying about 1 1/2 miles off the Mexican coast. The seas are easy and not much wind, just motoring along down the coast toward English Cay. Crossed the reef and into the main ship channel at daylight on the 29th and made good time south to Plancencia and anchored just as the sun set. Cooked the chicken on the grill and had a well deserved drink or was it two? On our way by 0620L for the Livingston bar and crossed same at 1500L. We dragged at least a half-mile, slowed, but never stopped! This was my 5th crossing. Customs was quick and easy, cost about \$60 and we were on our way at 1630L. Anchored beside Cayous Grande at 1745L, same spot as on 1-7-98. Good anchorage with few or no insects or traffic. A fine end to a good trip! The last day of this millennium dawned beautiful and very quiet. Had an easy trip south to Suzanna's and tied to the dock by 1030L with the customary Gallo beer close at hand. Did the New Year changeover right at the marina and felt a lot better next day for it! It is good to be back on the Rio and seeing my friends from previous trips. Plan to make a few repairs on the boat and then spend time ashore both in Honduras and Guatemala. It was good to awaken on New Years' Day and still have a computer and GPS that worked-so much for the end of the world.

Worked on the boat and did a little local travel for the next month or two. Also organized my Spanish notes as I intended to attend a little more school in Honduras and Guatemala. Got away to Honduras on 3-26-00 and only had two flats enroute with the usual two busses and one pick-up truck ride, 9 1/2 hours, into Copan Ruinas, Honduras. Enjoyed my three weeks in the town, did two weeks in school along with some local traveling. Spanish school did not get any easier! Stayed with the Lara

family, enjoyed it mucho. Back to the boat on 4-15-00, but not for long as I moved on to Antigua, Guatemala on the 18th to be in plenty of time for the Semana Santa celebration. Really enjoyed the parades and such, great crowds of up to 100,000 visitors were in town also. The local joke in Antigua was that every petty thief in Central America also came to the celebrations. Next week did one week of Spanish school before returning to the boat on 4-30-00. Did not stay long aboard as I was on my way again, to Houston this time. Main reason for the trip was Jim's highschool graduation which was great plus a lot of person business. An added bonus was having both my sisters in town for the event. Did have a 10 day bout with the flu which took forever to recover from. Stayed in Joann/Sid's new house, very nice indeed. Back to the boat on 6-6-00 and a much needed clean-up as all was moldy inside and dirty outside.

Tuesday-June 20, 2000. Off the docks at Suzanna's for the fuel dock, 123 gallons @ \$1.57, not using much fuel per engine hour, about .8 of a gallon per hour. Motored over to town for shopping and a little sightseeing for Jan. Finished shopping the next day and moved the boat down river to Casa Guatemala and then over to the Village for dinner with Maria, Norm, and Larry, missionaries for the Catholic church working here in Guatemala. Two very interesting visits capped off with a great dinner.

Up early, 0500L, on the 22nd and headed toward the canyon of the Rio Dulce which Jan has not seen yet. Rio beautiful as always, took a bunch of pictures got cleared by the officials and gave the bar a try at high tide. Crossed without a touch on the 22nd for my 6th crossing and made our way by Cabo Tres Puntas into the Bay of Honduras. High wind and seas suggested we stay behind the reef so we headed for New Haven Bight, Belize reaching our anchorage by 1730L. This is a fine anchorage, just have to be a bit careful of the shoals as you come in. Next morning we hauled the anchor and set sail for Placencia Lagoon about 25 miles north. Nice motor as the wind was not where we needed it. Anchored just after noon and hit the beach to see the sights. Didn't take too long, bought some more groceries had a drink at a beach bar and made our way back to the Barnacle. Nice evening with no rain or bugs.

Morning of the 24th we pointed the boat at Puerto Cortez, Honduras and had a good sail in that direction until the wind shifted and blew 20 Kts on the bow for the rest of the day. Made it into the harbor by 1730L with the wind still 20 Kts out of the east. However, we had a good anchorage and plenty of music from the shore to keep us entertained. Quiet morning without the bar music so we got and early start toward Punta Sol and Puerto Escondido about 23 miles away. Had 4-6' swells but not much wind so we make good time with the engine. Entry between large rocks was interesting but straightforward into a small round harbor. Anchor in the water by 1230L, holding not good, tried several spots before calling it set. The harbor is small and very pretty with howler monkeys and a few people.

Jan not feeling well and the weather not doing any better so we decided to return to Puerto Cortez and think things over. Easy run back with following seas of 5 or 6 feet. The first following seas I've seen in a very long time! Made anchorage by 1315L in time for the first of the rain showers we would experience. Went ashore for a beer and such. On the 27th we decided to return to the Rio Dulce, park the boat and do a little more land travel. Crossed the bar two hours before high tide with no trouble and did a very quick re-entry. This was my 7th crossing. Anchored for the night at La Marina and had a fine dinner at the marina. Some rain during the evening and lots of river traffic but no one bothered us or our sleep. On the 28th we put the boat back into Suzanna's and prepared for a little time ashore.

This is the rainy season, June, July, and August and I can really believe it! We are having rain virtually every day with sometimes up to 6 inches. At least the weather is cool for the most part. Finally located the problem with the Kubota genset after many trials, problem was mostly the return fuel line. On the way into Fronteras on 7-11-00, in the dink, I was following a 19' ponga (Long narrow canoelike boat with an outboard) loaded with rocks and not much freeboard. The Rio was a bit choppy and the ponga suddenly sank right before my eyes. The boat was gone immediately with only the lone passenger

floating on a fuel can left to mark its exit. Water was 80' deep and very swift at this point making recovery of the ponga impossible. I picked up the lone boat occupant and delivered him to shore.

We have our usual theft on the Rio but happily only the one murder of a boater in June. People steal here for the usual reasons I guess, hungry, lazy, or both. In about mid-July a Guate fisherman became entangled in his castnet, was dragged overboard and drowned. It is a wonder to me that there is not more accidents and injuries on the river at night as few of the locals bother with light and run full speed.

Tuesday-July 25, 2000. Off the boat headed for Coban, Guatemala. Took the bus on the main road going to the crossroads where I caught a ride in a van into the mountains. Made good time arriving about 1500L in the busy very clean city. This is probably the cleanest town or city I've visited in Central America since arriving. Had problems finding a room, seems all the major hotels were booked solid for next week's fiesta. Did locate a small, very clean and cheap hotel finally. Cost me \$8 for the night with hot water even! Walking the streets I saw a man leading, or I should say, being led by three large hogs. Each animal had a rope tied to one of his hind legs and down the street they went. Seems they had done this before. The city is very remote and built upon a ridge along the top of a mountain. The city park and huge church are the only two things built upon level ground, everything else goes downhill from there. The church is somewhat plain on the outside but very ornate and beautiful inside.

Next morning bright and early caught the first of three busses back to the boat. This time I took the back roads and had one hell of a day of bouncing and yawing around hairpin turns. The busses were all crowded and as the day wore on and we came down out of the mountains very hot. So hot even the Guates noticed! The scenery was as expected, fantastic with at least one river in sight at all times and many kinds of trees and flowers not to forget the Indians in their colorful costumes. As always, the children were quiet and beautiful. Not unusual to see a small naked boy in his front yard swinging a machete, probably all of three years young. The mothers here dress the little girls beautifully but the boys go without as a rule or so it seems. Hunger is not a problem as you ride along on the busses as at every stop, and they occur very often, Indians (And Guates) are right there selling fruit, chicken, and whatever. The young children will hold the items for sale right up to the bus windows on long sticks, you pluck them off and drop the money to the ground. And we wonder how the money becomes so dirty! Getting fed is not the problem however, finding a toilet, much less a clean one is the problem. Anyway, had a very interesting day and only spent \$3.90 on the travel arrangements. On this nine hour segment of bad roads we averaged about 15 MPH. So, it was very good to get back to my riverside town and a \$1.30 haircut (Well done at that), a cold beer, and a clean toilet. As the weather is remaining calm with no tropical storms on the horizon will get the boat ready to sail on the first for Belize. Plan to do some diving and hope to eat a few lobsters.

Perhaps now is the time to mention Pat's ten rules for riding the "Chicken Busses". One, eat before you get to the bus stop; two, use the toilet before leaving and if you see a clean toilet enroute, use it; three, carry as little baggage as possible; four, watch your baggage as "a fool and his baggage are soon parted"; five, carry toilet paper for the usual and can also be used as ear plugs; six, have small change for food from the vendors and toilet rental; seven, choose a seat at least three rows back from the front for safety; eight, sit on the opposite side from the driver as he eats and spits the entire trip; nine, carry enough water for the trip; ten, at stops do not walk beneath the bus window as all sorts of things will be thrown out. In Central America, trash is thrown from the bus windows as it is generated, don't want our busses littered and dirty now do we?

Monday-July 31, 2000. An early start and then clearing out of Guatemala and across the bar by 1030L. Did not strike the bottom even once as we were having an especially high tide, eighth crossing. Long day of motoring got us to Placencia, Belize and a light dinner with our friends Maydell and Max Dufree in "November". Cleared into the country next day, 8-1-00, while waiting for better weather. The

hangover being the immediate problem), but we were enroute to Livingston by noon. Did the clearing out "thing" and crossed the bar at dead low time, tenth time, without a touch, about 1700L. Of course no sooner than we were clear of the shallow water one of several thunderstorms descended upon us. We had a frantic race to get the dingy up on the boat before the first storm struck but we won. Crossed the bay of Amatique and anchored with 200 feet of chain in crystal clear water, about 20 feet deep. The clear water part we discovered next morning as it was quiet dark at 1915L when we anchored.

An early start next morning enroute to Placencia and north, weather beautiful except the wind on the bow as usual. Plan to go north in the inside passage until dark and anchor. Went north of Placencia another 40 miles and found good anchorage in Garbutt Cay, anchored in 20 feet about 30 minutes before dark after the second try.

Got the usual early start next morning a little before six as we wanted to get well out into the Caribbean before dark. Went out into the sea about 1300L and headed north towards Isla Mujeres, wind east 20 with gusts to 30 knots but sea not too rough. About 10 miles north our engine started having fuel problems so we changed all three filters hoping to solve the problem. Engine problems did not "go away" so we returned to the inside passage for a quiet place to work and locate the problem.

Once inside we came upon a catamaran, "Mayan Mistress" hard aground asking for help. So bring good seamen we stopped, put over 200 feet of 3/4 inch nylon tow line and promptly pulled them free. The crew of the rented catamaran was grateful and repaid our troubles with a fine bottle of Belizean rum!

Next morning, 10-6-00, we got started on our problems, changed out the Ford fuel pump and inspected the entire fuel system before starting out again for the sea. All seemed well enough and good until we reached the open sea again the same problems become apparent. Returned again to the inside and literally took the fuel system apart but found no culprit. As we were still having problems with the engine injector pump, decided to move boat to Belize City and change out the pump from spares.

Motored into Belize City harbor with no problems, finding good anchorage between Moho Cay and Peter's Bluff Cay where we managed to change out the faulty pump in only 4 1/2 hours. We are in no hurry to return to the Caribbean as a strong cold front is due to arrive Monday or Tuesday so we stayed another night at our anchorage. Turned out to be a good choice as the breeze was fine along with a beautiful sky full of stars plus several porpoises swimming and breathing around the boat, a rare night.

Next morning after an intense squall passed we upped anchor and made for Tobacco Range Cays to wait out the coming poor weather. Had a delightful motor and sail south until the engine again reminded us who was in charge. The last 4 miles it seemed at times the Ford would quit all together, but it kept running long enough to get us into safe harbor. As we were to see in the next few days this is indeed a great anchorage, 18 feet of clear water and great holding.

Next morning, 10-9-00, we reset the inlet side of the Ford lift pump as it was taking air we discovered after examination and reset the timing on the new injector pump plus going over the entire system once again. Once again the engine runs well here at anchor but is making air at the pump and we can't find the source. The weather has indeed turned bad with thunderstorms, heavy rain, and wind to 44 knots all through the night. The front causing this weather is supposed to pass us tomorrow or the next day.

This morning the sky has cleared somewhat but we still have the 25-30 knots of wind with scattered showers. Took the two Ford filters off and replaced the gaskets plus manufactured a new copper line between the filters and the injector pump. Ran a vacuum check on the system and found no leaks. Still have air in the injector pump but the engine runs better than it has since I've owned the boat-go figure. Tonight we still have the wind and rain but no lighting yet. 10-11-00 About noon we left the anchorage for a test run up to Belize City about 38 miles north. The test lasted about 4 miles with the Ford engine almost stopping a number of times. We anchored out in the open waters and did some work on the fuel system, bypass system, and found we had no bypass fuel and air we could not believe in the

system. With all this evidence we have concluded the exchanged injector pump is defective after only 5 hours of operation. Took the boat back to our good anchorage for some thought and food. Cooked the ship's favorite, BBQ chicken, which unfortunately is the last of the frozen chicken on board. Some more rain during the evening but in all, not bad. After discussing our situation and what we've already done to the engine it was decided to remove the latest injector pump and install the original first thing in the morning.

Well this morning started early, 0500L, 10-12-00, when I started removing the pump and all the parts surrounding the little darling. With Randy's help and Ian's cooking we had the job completed by 1030 and were on our way to Belize City where I intend to remove the pump and fly it to Houston to be rebuilt. As I'm writing this passage we are 25 miles from BC right in the middle of the inside passage with a 15 knot wind on the bow and a very sick Ford engine doing the honors. This pump is making air which causes the engine to surge and miss as we move along at about 5 knots. Looks like darkness will catch us about 10 miles from our old anchorage just north of BC which should not cause us a lot of trouble as the route is pretty straight and open with very little traffic. Then with no warning our luck began to change! I noticed the Ford was not passing its normal water for cooling out the exhaust and went down to check. Discovered a good pound of sea grass in the raw water intake which virtually shut off the cooling water, cleaned that. Then I noticed the reduction gear was very hot and not passing any oil through the heat exchanger. After checking the fittings for security we poured two quarts of oil into the gearbox, thus providing enough oil for the pump and cooling. Immediately the Ford stopped surging and the gearbox began to cool down to its normal temperature. Anxious to find the gearbox oil leak I camped out in the engine room until I located the small fitting which was leaking. Thus we had located our two problems which were causing all the trouble.

From what I can surmise the record of events goes something like this: To begin, the Ford began surging from lack of oil as we entered the Caribbean the first time. We diagnosed the problem as plugged fuel filters, changed them, but still had the problem. Still thinking in terms of a fuel problem we then changed out the lift pump but did not install the intake line properly to the pump thus letting air into the system. We then changed the injector pump with the onboard spare which subsequently proved to be defective but we did discover the leak at the lift pump. Not to mention we investigated every single hose connection in the entire system, plus ran a vacuum check on the whole system. So, when we finally got around to finding the low oil in the gearbox, fixing the leak, and servicing the box we were on our way! Made a night anchorage in Robinson Cay and took a grateful rest.

On Friday the 13th we got out into the Caribbean for the third try and everything worked to perfection except of course for the weather. The wind and seas were adverse but we plowed our way north toward Isla Mujeres. That night the weather, squalls and lighting, plus wind stayed poor and we had the worst night I've spent on the ocean in a long time. Finally got past Bahia de Ascension which had a two knot adverse current to offer and into some better weather and wind. Next night passing Isla de Cozumel was not bad with a good following current making it into the harbor at Isla Mujeres at 0700L on the 15th. Of course, the wind was still howling 25 with gust to 30 knots-no complaints from this crew-we were happy to drop the hook and lick our wounds.

Next morning we did some washing before clearing into Mexico and shopping for groceries and a little bit of fuel. Was nice to be able to walk about, see people other than ourselves, and get a shore based meal or two. Noticed the prices were about 10% higher from last year but we paid and enjoyed. Back on the boat early both nights, guess we were still tired from the previous problems and the rough trip north.

Two weeks and only three hundred miles covered to date, we again moved out into the Yucatan Channel and headed for Galveston. The sea and wind were not nice but we made good time with the engine and a good current. As I'm writing this account, 10-18-00, we are 150 miles northwest of Cabo Catoche making good time toward Galveston. Not able to use the Genoa but the engine and main are

moving us right along. The forecast is good wind and seas with what we think is a weak cold front about two hundred ahead of us. With all the rough seas and winds and no recent rain, all topside surfaces are coated with salt crystals from the spray. Indeed, Barnacle does look like the Salt Queen! Night has now fallen and it is very dark even with the millions of stars overhead. Moonrise is late tonight, a little after ten. Dinner tonight was baked chicken with potatoes and onions with cold beets. Don't let anybody tell you we don't know how to rough it. We use sea water for the complete wash-up and use only about 2 quarts of fresh water for rinse. The sea water works just fine, the only drawback is that it is of course cold. Have seen only one ship or boat since daylight, should see some shipping tonight as we approach the shipping lanes. As it turned out, did not see a ship or anything else for that matter until we passed two drill platforms on 10-20-00 in over 8000 feet of water.

Trip is going well with the weather helping out immensely. Since yesterday the sea has become basically flat with very little wind. What wind there is follows the bow around like a pet puppy so we just motor along with no sails at all. It is now early Friday morning about 0500 and I'm sitting in the doorway enjoying the cool breeze created by our movement. The engine is running well of which I'm grateful and the weather could not be nicer. Have been listening to WBAP of Forth Worth the past two days and the forecast there is rain this weekend, may see some in Galveston. Did a few odd jobs around the boat yesterday such as change the Ford oil filter, clean the bilge pump screens, and cut new carpet for the engine room which was ruined by oil and diesel fuel during our troubles.

On the 21st I came on watch at my usual 0200L into a veritable forest of drill platforms, now just 100 NM from Galveston. Good to get back into civilization if we don't manage to strike a platform or one of the many other hazards found coming into a major port. Made port just a little after dark with a 5 foot following sea and so many ships it is hard to believe since you seldom see many on the open sea. Made an average speed of 6.4 knots crossing the Gulf of Mexico, taking 4 days and 9 hours. Cleared into the United States via telephone early next morning and immediately moved the boat to the Bolivar Shipyard where it will be hauled-out early the next morning. We pulled the wheel shaft to check for trueness and discovered a wear point on the stuffing box. Apparently this contact point was causing the squeak I looked for on the Rio Dulce. Put five gallons of bottom paint on the hull and put Barnacle back into the water. Thus ends the 1999 fall cruise of the Barnacle.

Wednesday-October 25, 2000. Underway early to Clearlake and the Kemah Harbor Marina and slip J-21. Strong crosswind but got into the slip on the second try. Next day Randy left the boat to join his parents in their motorhome for the trip back to Melissa, Texas. Randy was back in Guatemala within two weeks, sent me an e-mail.

Jan moved aboard the vessel to be closer to her job, stayed there until February 1, 2001, when she and her daughter then transferred to the motorhome in anticipation of the boat selling.

Friday-February 16, 2001. Today Barnacle was sold to Robert N and Patricia L Meredith of 8793 State Highway 33, Carbondale, CO 81623. I met with the new owners for one day and showed them some of Barnacle's little secrets though surely I missed a few. Robert and Patricia plan to take the boat on a long cruise, perhaps around the world.

RP Johnson

CAPTAIN GRAVES, MEET CAPTAIN TRUMAN

It was a little before 6AM, Kansas City time, on the 24th of June in 1955, and I was Rollie Graves' co-pilot on Continental Convair Flight #361, soon to depart from Kansas City to Denver. We had come over from Denver the evening before on the same airplane, #854, and, after a seven hour layover, we were ready to go home to Denver.

Shortly before the scheduled departure time Rollie said that ex-President Harry Truman had just walked up to the loading steps and was talking to a couple of men. Rollie said that he had had Mr. Truman on-board one time before and that on that flight Mr. Truman had come up to the cockpit for a chat. Rollie said that he would probably invite him to come up again.

Shortly after take-off Rollie rang Miss McDonald, the stewardess, and asked that she tell Mr. Truman that it would be our pleasure to have him visit us up in the cockpit.

In just a few minutes Miss McDonald tapped on the cockpit door and then opened it to admit Mr. Truman.

Mr. Truman entered the cockpit with a gusty "Hello! Captain" and Rollie responded with a strong "Good Morning, Mr. President"

Rollie then said, "Mr. President, this is Bob Hiemstra, he's a Republican."

Mr. Truman said, "Oh, that's alright. He just doesn't know any better" as he slapped me on the shoulder.

As I recall, we had just passed Topeka and he was already talking about Fort Riley, just a little bit ahead.

I understand that Mr. Truman had spent considerable National Guard training time at Fort Riley, both before and after World War One. He certainly showed a lot of continuing interest in the place.

All of the time that he was in the cockpit Mr. Truman kept a travelogue going re: the places over which we were flying. I was quite surprised at the ease with which he identified those places from the air.

Mr. Truman was flying with us to Denver. From there he would transfer to United to continue to San Francisco where the United

Nations was planning an anniversary function that very evening.

The planned United Nations function had been in the newspapers for several days. The media was making a big thing of news that Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov had announced that he was going to have a reception that evening, but that he wasn't going to invite Mr. Truman to that reception.

Knowing the above already, I asked, "Sir, are you going to Molotov's reception tonight?"

He immediately replied, "No! The little sonovabitch didn't invite me. You know, I used to have more trouble with that little guy. I used to call Stalin every couple of weeks to straighten the _____ out."

He went on to tell how he had once called Molotov a _____ while Molotov was standing in front of his (Truman's) desk. He said that Molotov got quite angry and told the interpreter, "I am not accustomed to being spoken to this way!"

Truman told us, "I told the interpreter to tell the little _____ that that is the only language he understands!"

Mr. Truman went on to say that he expected the UN function to be long, hard and very tiring. He said that people would be pressing in on him all evening long just because he had once been President. He said that once a president is out of office he no longer has the Secret Service to shield him from such pressures. (I understand that Secret Service protection against the above pressure is now provided to all ex-presidents.)

When Mr. Truman was not talking about the UN he would return to being a guide, pointing out the Santa Fe Trail, the Oregon Trail, Abilene, Salina, Russel, etc..

Sometimes he just stood there and looked out over the plains

It was obvious that he was quite fond of history and the Great Plains.

After thirty or forty minutes Mr. Truman went back to the cabin, but came back after a while and then stayed right up to let-down time.

We blocked into Denver Stapleton one minute early at 8:39A.

Mr. Truman was met by a couple of men, one of whom was Charles Brannan, who had been Mr. Truman's Secretary of Agricul-

ture. Mr. Brannan was a graduate of the University of Denver.

In summary, I've never met a more cordial and all-around impressive man. It's great to know that there are--or have been--men such as he holding high stations in our nation's leadership.

I first saw Mr. Truman in late 1948. When he was running for re-election and I was attending the University of Denver School of Law. I listened to his campaign speech made from the steps of the Colorado State Capitol Building. Also, I stood just a couple of feet away from his open limousine as he rode away to the presidency

I was quite impressed in 1948, again in 1955, and still impressed here in the last days of 2003.

Bob Hiemstra



ROBERT E. HIEMSTRA (BOB)

GONE WEST:

CAPTAIN ROBERT L. (BOB) CURRENT died July 29, 2002. Recently, BOB's widow, **ISABEL CURRENT**, sent a postcard advising of BOB's demise, to **JOHN BLACKIS**, and **JOHN** sent the card to **KEN ALRICK**. **KEN** e-mailed this information on January 7, 2004, so this is a belated notice of his death.

BOB was hired as a copilot in June,



ROBERT L. CURRENT (BOBBY)
June 1, 1940

1940, and he flew the Lockheed 12, 14, and Lodestar. He also flew the Douglas DC-2, DC-3, DC-6, DC-7, and the Convair 240, 340, and 440. In the Jet Age, **BOB** flew the Boeing 707, and 720, and ended his career flying

the Boeing 707-320C.

In the 320C, **BOB** was one of only 5 Captains who demonstrated that Continental could fly internationally. (In 1964, as a Domestic Carrier, Continental began flying troops and munitions for the U.S. Military Services, in support of the war in Viet-Nam.)

For some years known as the Continental's smallest pilot, **BOB** retired in 1970, with 28,350 hours. He spent his remaining years with his wife, **ISABEL**, living in his home-town, Redwood Falls, Minnesota. In her note to **JOHN BLACKIS**, **ISABEL** wrote, "I'm getting used to being alone—I don't like it, but I get along fine. Have a son 2 ½ hours from me,

so that works out fine." **Isabel Current**

CAPTAIN WILLIAM (Bill) CURTIS died Dec. 12, 2003. Non-Member **BILL** entered Naval Air Training in March of 1957, received his pilot's wings on Nov. 20, 1958, and married **BARBARA WORKMAN** nine days later.



After flying in the Marine Corp., **BILL** joined Continental Airlines and retired in 1996 after 30 years of service. **BILL** had been diagnosed with lung cancer in February, 2003, even though he had not smoked since 1966. He is survived by his wife, **BOBBIE**, and one son, **BILL (CURT) CURTIS**.

Bill's Obituary included this poem

Last Long Flight

When my last long flight is over,
Many happy landings past,
And my instruments all tell me
My crack-up's come at last

Then I'll lift her nose for the ceiling .
And I'll give my ship full gun,
I'll open her up and let her climb
To the airport in the sun.

Where the great God of flying men

Will smile at me sort of slow,
As I roll my ship in the hangar
On the field where fliers go.

Then I'll look upon his face
The almighty flying boss,
Whose wingspread fills the heavens
From Orion to the Cross

Author Unknown

An edited e-mail from TED DANIEL, and
relayed by KEN ALRICK; 01/17/2004:

I regret to inform you that on Thursday,
the 15th of January, FREEMAN MARCY
passed away. He was a pilot with CAL
until 1985. A service will be held ...Jan 20th
at the St Mary Magdalen Catholic Church
in Camarillo, California.... TED DANIEL

An e-mail from RICHARD HAGUE, and
relayed by KEN ALRICK; 01/31/2004:

GERALD E. GARNER succumbed to
lung cancer and a brain tumor on the
morning of January 29, 2004, at his home
in Thousand Oaks, California.

GERRY was a US Naval Aviator from
1959-1964, a pilot for Western Airlines
from 1964-65, Continental Airlines from
1965-1983, Pride Air in 1985, following
which he flew for Rosie and retired from
Patriot.....

GERRY- in his last days - requested the
following: in lieu of flowers "...raise a
glass of Captain Cutty on the rocks, and
remember, with happiness, the good times
you and I had together."

RICHARD D. HAGUE

ILLNESSES/SURGERY

In our previous issue we printed
JOHN HUBER's serious health problems,
involved with a malignant tumor or lesion
on the left side of his brain, and of the
resulting surgery.....

JOHN's very good friend, DENNY
CLEVELAND sent a long e-mail, dated
Dec. 11. 2003, stating that JOHN's
condition has not improved, and that
DENNY is saddened, "not only by the
results, but to have to pass the information
along to all his friends and colleagues".

In an e-mail to DENNY, LYNNE,
(JOHN's sister) wrote, JOHN's condition
is about the same for right now. He seems
to be feeling okay, albeit very tired all of
the time.....I am sorry for this bad news.
We need a miracle right now. I would do
anything to help John. I feel helpless
Lynne

DON BALLARD survived a ruptured
appendix. This is an e-mail from AMOUS
CANN, (relayed by KEN ALRICK, dated
12/27/2003):

KEN - Don has been in the
hospital; had to have an emergency
operation. They found a ruptured
appendix, so (he) was one sick human for
a while. He is home now and feels like he
dodged a bullet, by surviving the operation
with so much infection in his body.
(Amous Cann)

KEN ALRICK relayed an e-mails from
BJ BELLERUE, dated March 6, 2004,
telling of a partial removal of KEN
BELLERUE's left kidney because of a
benign renal mass, which could lead to
eventual total kidney failure.

Then, on March 10th, another e-mail
from BJ, as follows:

Dear Friends,

On Monday, March 8, 2004, Ken suffered
a minor stroke to the left side of his body.
The affected areas are his mouth, and left
hand. As I said, it was a minor stroke, but
none the less it has affected his left hand
the most. I brought him home from the
hospital tonight around 5:30 pm. He
couldn't handle hospital curriculum any

more, especially the food.....and the fact that you can't get any rest there. He will start Occupational and Physical Therapy on Friday, March 12th, on an outpatient basis until all his motor functions come back in his hand and face.

He doesn't have a lot of pain from the surgery (Partial kidney removal) unless he coughs, so that is really a plus.

We are all relieved that he is home now and under the care of a private nurse. Her name is BJ. T told him she was really expensive for 24 hour care, and the charge would be a trip to Niagara Falls, and a Cruise down the Saint Lawrence Seaway next October. He smiled and said "that's a good deal." Love to All BJ

From LA VERNE THORNBERRY
(Taken from the Golden Tale)

BILL EATON was diagnosed with prostate cancer several months ago, with a PSA test of 6.1 The doctor did not say "surgery," but recommended the "Wait and see plan," then return in three months for another test. In the meantime NEE NEE was in Acupuncture therapy by Master Thai, and shared the bad news with him. He told NEE NEE about garlic tea, and gave her the recipe—Peel and chop, or put garlic cloves in a blender, enough to fill a cup. Place the chopped garlic in a large container (One cup of garlic), pour over it one liter of gin (inexpensive gin is OK); place the lid on the jar and let it set for 15 days. The tea is then ready to use. Add one teaspoon of the garlic gin tea to one cup of warm water, and drink daily. BILL began to drink the tea each day before going for his three month check-up. At that time his PSA test was 4.1 Needless to say, every one was elated, and the doctor was very pleased with the result..... BILL wanted (to) share this experience with friends. NEE

NEE is doing well and will continue to brew the tea as long as BILL wants to drink it.

JOAN & KIP WINTENBURG were in San Diego for the celebration of a friend's 70th birthday.. Suddenly KIP became ill, with first thoughts of indigestion Unfortunately it was not so minor, but his heart. He was quickly admitted to the hospital, with proper care, and was given coated stents, which are the latest available. Hopefully the results will be an improvement over the preceding ones.

JOAN immediately took on the role of a good nurse, and KIP is doing well. KIP, our prayers are for you and that you will be back in the cockpit before your big 6-0 !!!!

RUBE CAGE had a knee replacement which was not too successful, so the surgery was done a second time. Because of this surgery and the healing process, RUBE does not travel a long distance too well, so he does not get away often.. He says that SHIRLEY is an excellent caregiver to him, as well as her 92-year old mother, who lives about 45 minutes away.

BEN WILLIAMS lived with his daughter in Dallas, during his s therapeutic treatment. He is now at his home on the lake and doing great. He is driving and is back into his routine, doing his errands, etc. BEN has membership in a square dance club, as well as a round dance club, and is again active in each of them, plus has other activities —there is plenty of activity on the lake....

— end —

READERS ARE INVITED TO SEND
NOTES OF SYMPATHY,
CONDOLENCE, etc.

THIS/N THAT:

Past President Roland Brown sent an e-mail, thanking all who helped made our Convention in Houston a huge success, including: BEN & CHRIS McKENZIE, BOB SHELTON, INA DOMENGEAUX, LEE & PAM MEYERS, LINDA MEIER, JUDY BROWN, CHARLIE STARR, BUD & LAVERNE BATTLE, ED & ROBYN O'QUINN, LAVERNE CANN, PLEGGIE, DON GENTRY, SHAUN RYAN, and all who helped keep the Convention well supplied and staffed....

Now it's time for each of us to send a "thank you" to Roland for his wonderful work as our President during the past two years!

BIRDIE BERTRAND has updated the Golden Eagles Web-site (www.thegoldeneagles.org), and sent this edited e-mail, dated 01/04/2004:

Page 1 has been revised and updated

Page 2 Officers and Staff as of 2004

Page 3 Ben's message added

Page 4 Items of interest added

Page 5 Wives page updated

Pages 6 & 7 No change

Page 8 Bob Six and other stories added

Visits to the web-site are encouraged—please e-mail your comments to Birdie Bertrand.

*****New Information on Pilot Death Benefits**

Late in 2003 JACK DANIEL called Continental Airlines Benefit Center (800-651-1007) to inquire about his death benefit, because he wanted to make sure the Center's records showed a change in beneficiary from his deceased wife to his new wife, Louita.

JACK was amazed to learn that the Benefits Center had no knowledge of any death benefit insurance for Continental Pilots !

And, about two months later, when JACK again called the Center, he was given the same negative response!

Not satisfied with these replies, JACK called friends, found an obscure



number for Cigna Health Care, called the number, and recently has received a check for his policy's cash surrender value. (\$8,270.00) JACK has notified Continental Benefits Center, and has been assured that they will use his information when they get death benefit inquiries.

Meanwhile, JACK advised BEN McKENZIE, and BEN sent the following edited e-mail, dated 01/24/2004:

Continental did provide a (death) insurance policy, and the premiums were paid by Continental, in full, prior to the bankruptcy in 1983. Those who retired before October, 1983 do have this policy. For information you can contact:

Cigna Health Care,
900 Cottage Grove Road,
Hartford, CT 06152. Attn, C-308

Chris Blanchfield.

(Phone 860-226-3656).

(Specify Group Policy Number 0224298)

The policies have all decreased to the minimum value—\$10,000.00

BEN

Editor's Note: Sometime ago, Gene Newman phoned Chris Blanchfield at 860-226-3656, and was impressed with his professional and cooperative tone. Mr. Blanchfield found that Gene did, indeed, have a death benefit policy, and he offered to help process Gene's application for surrendering the policy for cash. Gene wrote Mr. Blanchfield, surrendering the policy for cash, and received a check for \$8,270.00 a month later....

Editor's Note:

We all owe JACK DANIEL a vote of thanks for his work in locating the person to call to obtain death benefit information!!
THANK YOU, JACK DANIEL !!!!!

K. D. THOMPSON sent the following e-mail, dated 11/16/2003: Greetings All:

Well, it is done—I don't know how my bride did it—however she picked up the load for her crippled husband and got us moved out of our home of 26 years. We will be staying in Vancouver at the Extended Stay America, until Thursday the 20th, (and) will leave for Missoula for a visit, and then on to Green Valley and should arrive down there sometime around 1st of Dec. We also have our cell phone, (360) 903-0357, should anyone need to try and contact us. Wishing all a Happy Turkey Day. K. D. & Casey

AMOUS CANN sent the following e-mail, dated 12/11/2003: KEN— Thought you would like to know that we talked to Don Ballard, and he has moved into a new home in Greely, Colorado. The new address is 205 N. 55th Ave. The zip code remains the same. Telephone number now is 970-351-7420.

DICK GRIGSBY received a note from FREDIANNE GRAY, dated January 6, 2004, which included the following: Here I am in Bremerton, Washington again writing

to you. I am still primarily in the Bay Area, with a target date for moving, March 1st. My belongings are in storage in Seattle, and finding housing has been difficult. When I am in Washington I stay with friends and look for housing and work.

I spoke with Alice Powers and she glowed about the Golden Eagles Reunion. I pledged my help for the coming year. She is such a wonderful person—I really enjoy her.

Hopefully I'll have some other news, other than "still looking". Love,
Fredianne

RICK DRURY (non-member) sent an interesting, and very long dissertation on retirement, along with his criticism of how the Airline Industry has gotten worse. A shortened, edited version of his e-mail, dated 10/20/2004 follows:

Sooner or later all stories end. And now it is my turn. It has come to this—an old movie fading to "THE END". I am age sixty and am on my way off stage. So I am frequently asked, "would I like to change that age limit? Absolutely!" I wish it were age 55 or less. To explain is to examine the current state of the industry....

I miss the time when the words "in flight service" was not an oxymoron. We once had—and this is true—such people as Stewards and Stewardesses. Food was served on plates with real silverware. Stewards poured champagne or mixed drinks. Stewardesses were charming, bright, and helpful, catering to the passengers every need and whim. And the food was superb. Passengers even wore decent clothes, actually dressed for the occasion, and were well mannered and civil.....This is fiction now.

And, naturally I miss the time when the professional airline pilot was respected, when he was not the target of the jealous and petty, or of some agency which needs to

show a list of how many people have been inspected.....we are to be collectively humiliated with near strip searches.....questioned, belittled, probed, drug-tested.....We have become the popular scapegoat.

I have experienced great years of flying the big jets around the world. Sunrises and sunsets over the Pacific will play in my mind's theater forever. Co-pilots have said "Best trip I've had", and students not only learned the consequential things, but enjoyed themselves in the process. I was there when it was not merely a profession, but a celebration of flight, performed with quality and excellence, and with a good measure of fun.

We will keep the memories of the best, as they were, whilst realizing that we must carry on with our lives. —end—

Your Associate Editor has received quite a few stories of Flight Experiences from our members. With some accommodation for space available, these experiences are being printed in the order received.

TWO YOUNG PILOTS— AND ANN MILLER

By Richard S. Grigsby

Received 01/29/04. Published in the
Palisadian Post 02/26/04.

Here's an anecdote from long ago prompted by the recent death of a wonderful performer and person, dancer and actress, Ann Miller.

It was October, 1945. I was captain of a Continental Airlines flight from El Paso through Big Spring and San Angelo, terminating in San Antonio around midnight. My co-pilot was John Snyder, recently returned from flying B-24s in the Pacific. I had just turned 24 years old and was married, whereas John was single. We were in the Big Spring operations office,

where I was on the phone with our dispatcher discussing the time San Antonio might be expected to go below limits in ground fog, as it had the previous two nights.

I had made a study of forecasting the formation of ground fog at San Antonio. Conditions almost invariably deteriorated to zero/zero within an hour of first indications, and I was convinced that San Antonio would be below limits before we could possibly arrive there. We listed San Angelo as the alternate airport.

The station manager then called me to the front desk to talk with our San Antonio passengers, among them the lovely young Ann Miller and her mother. John was standing behind them as I explained the situation, saying that if we were unable to land at San Antonio we would return to San Angelo, and remain overnight.

Ann's mother said that they were tired and might rather spend the night in Big Spring than chance such an arduous adventure. Meanwhile, John was gesticulating wildly, "No, no, no! Take them with us, take them with us!"

Well, they decided to rest in Big Spring that night, rescheduling their trip for the next day. The rest of us continued on, finally making a routine landing at San Antonio. However, by the time a taxi could



DICK

Sept. 3, 1981

deliver us downtown the entire area was obscured with fog.

Needless to say, John Snyder was not happy thinking about the beautiful and talented Ann Miller sharing a room with her mother in a hotel in Big Spring, while he shared a room with me in the Gunter Hotel in San Antonio!

—end—

A MEMORABLE FLIGHT

By Wes Coss

Received 02/07/04

We had left ELP early in the morning for Alamagordo and were to stop in ABQ, Santa Fe, Colo Springs and Denver.



Because Colo Springs and Denver WX were IFR we had planed to refuel in ABQ. The general forecast that morning was for strong winds, with blowing dust and sand a little later. It was quite rough on the flight to

Alamagordo, and on landing, we were met by the lone agent with the ABQ WX showing it was below landing minimums, in blowing dust and sand at that time, and no forecast for improvement. I thought that I would return to ELP, and refuel, and probably go non-stop to the Springs.

I no more had that thought when ELP came out with a special, showing that they too, were below landing minimums. Called flight control in DEN and they said to plan to go to Colo Springs, direct. I told them that I didn't have enough fuel to do that. They told the agent to call Holloman AB

and ask them to send a refueling truck over and get the fuel we needed. He did that, and eventually a Sgt pulled up with a fuel truck, came into the office and asked how much fuel we needed. We gave him the figure and he said that he couldn't start fueling until he saw the cash to pay for it.

Apparently, the Air Force had taken some bad checks recently from non-scheds, and they now had a new policy of no checks or credit cards—only the green. The agent hadn't sold any tickets for cash that day and the copilot and I probably didn't have 25 bucks between us, so we were obliged to wait until the banks in town opened at nine or so that the agent could get some cash.

The Sgt was sitting n his truck while the Alamagordo WX was getting worse. I was worried that we would not have takeoff minimums by the time we could leave. The agent left for the bank at about 8:30. and one of the passengers, a Lt. Col. from the base said he would call the base to see if he could get the refueling started..

I had another idea.. I called the passengers up to the counter—we only had eight or 10 altogether—we had brought them all into the little waiting room while we refueled. I told them the situation and suggested that if they collectively, had enough cash on them, we could line it up on the counter, and show it to the refueller, and he could start refueling right now. Several were business men and they had no problem coming up with the several hundred dollars needed for the fuel. We lined the cash up on the counter in individual piles, and I called the Sgt in and showed him the cash. He said that he would start refueling right away. As soon as he was out of the building I told the men to pick up their cash. I was hoping that the agent would get back from the bank in time, so that I wouldn't have to ask for the money from the passengers again in exchange for an IOU. Fortunately the agent got back

from the bank, with a badly sandblasted car, and the cash before the refueling was completed, and we were on our way for a rough trip to the Springs and Denver..

Wes Coss

A MEMORABLE FLIGHT

By Amous Cann

Received 02/08/04

One of my memorable flights that I won't forget was my Captain checkout trip, after flying copilot for Gene Newman, Dick Grigsby, Gordon Klein, and Rex Buchanan



in San Antonio, Texas,, in the Lodestar. I learned enough to go to Denver for six hours of training with Mark Schellenberg in the DC-3, for my ATR rating. I then flew copilot for Dick McCoy, Pete Anderson, and Wade Johnson for months. On a

trip from Denver to El Paso then to Tulsa, O.R. Haueter, the VP of Operations signed the clearance, El Paso to Tulsa, with me in the left seat and another pilot as copilot. The weather was to be good, except a few thunderstorms in western Texas. Out of Lubbock to Wichita Falls, Texas, we were IFR at 7,000 ft and about midway before Guthrie, Texas that had a VOR range, we encountered a thunderstorm, and it became dark enough that I didn't think we should continue at 7,000, and with the HF radio we could not raise anyone on the radio. As we were turning around, there was break in the clouds, and I let down to about 500 ft. above the ground, and went on to Wichita

Falls. It took about 15 min. before we could reach anyone on the radio to cancel our IFR clearance.

At Wichita Falls there was a very small room with a WX station, and as we entered the room to check the weather, the person on duty asked where we came from, before we had a chance to say anything. As I was telling him that we had canceled IFR at 7,000 ft. and came VFR, he stated that Braniff was over Guthrie at about our time, at 9,000 ft., and in a hail storm had cracked both windshields in a DC-4 (I could have hugged that guy) as I didn't know if that was my last flight with CAL, or if I was to continue. We went on to OKC and in the office, Haueter had a new clearance on to Tulsa, and he had me sign the clearance, and he caught a flight to Denver. That was my first CAPTAIN TRIP, March 17, 1946!

Amous Cann

LA VERNE THORNBERRY NOTES

(Taken from Issues of Golden Tale)

KATHY and BOB HIEMSTRA spent Christmas in their new home—another new home—we know they have had a few in the past several years. KATHY continues to volunteer in the hospital gift shop.

Continental's beautifully restored, historical, and beloved DC-3has been donated to the Lone Star Flight Museum in Galveston, Texas. CEO Gordon Bethune handed the keys to the museum president Ralph Royce on Dec. 15, 2003.

It was a sad day for aviation when the Concorde made its farewell scheduled flight almost two months short of the 100th anniversary of flight. The Concorde was the fastest airliner and a national treasure of England & France. Pilots who flew this great aircraft would say there were two kinds of airplanes—the Concorde and all the rest.

